

Warning: Treats American Business; therefore, profanity and vulgarity.

At Credit Card HQ

-Let me sit behind you a sec. Now put up map of late charges on your lovely screen. Good, zoom into upper Peninsula of Michigan. Now, whatta y'see?

-Not one late charge! Amazing! Probably lots of retired farts.

-Most likely, but we hafta goose revenues there! Do it!

-But how? Hands tied.

-Your office logs in mail daily, right?

-Of course, and that's what I mean by...

-Note that I pick up a mail bag. Say it's from those zips. I toss it in the corner. Thus! And one day late on these payments, I discover it? Oh dear oh dearie dear, I'll hafta charge a late fee now. What a shame!

-They'll bitch!

-Ten per cent will and we'll refund them. Not worth the phone time, even of Mumbai spicks. But ninety percent won't. And they should have the satisfaction of knowing they're taking it up the ass for American fuckin Capitalism! They're patriots!

-What's that picture where they're marching with the flute and the drum and the flag?

-Exactly!